

## [Can I be close to you?](#) by [Luddleston](#)

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**Summary:**

*Dorian assumed he had gotten through with his fair share of blushing and heart-pounding when he was a teenager, but here he was, standing like an idiot and spluttering curses at a veritable mountain of axe-wielding Qunari.*

A series of sequential moments following the course of Dorian and Bull's relationship.

## 1. First Kiss

### Author's Note:

Well. I have too many feelings for these two. So, naturally, when I saw a list of relationship prompts, I decided to write it for them.

The themesong for this chapter is Firestone by Kygo.

*I'm a flame  
You're a fire  
I'm dark in need of light.*

Dorian assumed he had gotten through with his fair share of blushing and heart-pounding when he was a teenager, but here he was, standing like an idiot and spluttering curses at a veritable mountain of axe-wielding Qunari who'd just propositioned him in the middle of a battlefield like it was an everyday thing. Never mind the fact that they were fighting a horde of Tevinter cultists. Never mind the way Bull turned and immediately gutted a man. Dorian now had to fight a battle confused and a little aroused, to be completely honest, and it made his spells more sporadic than they'd been in years.

One of the Venatori got the drop on Bull while Dorian was busy trying not to look at his direction (all that muscle, it was... *fuck.*) and the blow he took was no worse than any other, but Dorian burned with anger at himself for not stopping it when he could have, if he hadn't been intent on *don't look, don't look, don't look*.

The man who cut Bull was ashes before he could prepare another blow, and Bull actually had the gall to look *surprised*, like he hadn't been fighting alongside a mage for the past few months. The battle quieted when Adaar killed the last two men, and Bull examined the wound, which overtook the curve of his shoulder and bled all the way to his elbow. "Damn, Dorian. Who pissed you off?"

“You,” Dorian said, reaching to look at the wound but taking his hand away when Bull shook his head. “You and your stupid... inviting me to your bed during a battle, really, Bull?”

“Should I ask you again when we’re not fighting?”

“You’re infuriating,” Dorian said, and because Adaar was busy looting people and Cassandra was... somewhere, he didn’t care, he grabbed Bull’s harness and hauled him closer. Dorian stopped before he did anything stupid, hesitating with his lips half a foot from Bull’s. He didn’t look so bad up close and oh, who was Dorian kidding? Bull didn’t look so bad *ever*, especially not when he was leaning down to kiss Dorian, to press his hot mouth against Dorian’s own in the Southern cold.

Distantly, Dorian heard the clatter of Bull dropping his axe, and too close, he felt Bull’s hand on the back of his skull, probably mussing his hair but he didn’t care for a second, couldn’t find it in himself to complain because he’d wanted this so long, too long to have not done it before now.

It had been an age since he’d been kissed, even longer since he’d been kissed like *this*, encompassing and overwhelming and full of so much pressure, Dorian thought he was going to burst and he knew his lips would bruise a little after.

There was a brief, ridiculous moment just after Bull pulled away from him that Dorian almost begged him not to stop, but Adaar would turn toward them anytime, and Cassandra would come back by and probably ask them what in the world they thought they were doing.

But if that was the first kiss, he wanted a second one.

*Our hearts are like firestones  
And when they spark, we feel the love.*

## 2. A Fantasy

### Summary for the Chapter:

The Inquisition has an invitation to the Winter Palace, and Bull's room is next to Dorian's.

### Notes for the Chapter:

Lyrics for this chapter are from "In the Next Room" by Neon Trees.

*There you go, messing with my mind.  
I am usually better when I lie.*

Bull found Halamshiral interesting for the political gossip, if anything. It was amazing what kind of secrets nobles would let slip around you if they thought you were too stupid to understand them.

But the thing he enjoyed most, even more than all the fancy wine and tiny desserts, was Dorian's ass in those uniform pants. Sure, Bull was pissed that someone was making him wear a shirt, but damn. *Damn*. He didn't care about the uniform crap if he got that view.

Bull hung back from the ballroom, leaning against one of the pillars with a glass of something bubbly. It was a good position, high vantage point, and he could see out to the balcony, where Dorian was standing with a young man (Orlesian, from the accent and the outfit) with whom he'd been flirting all night. The guy was skinny, shorter than Dorian, fashion-conscious, though, and moved kind of like an elf, which was weird, because he was definitely human. Maybe half-elf, then?

In any case, he wasn't Dorian's type. Bull had heard enough comments about musculature to know that Dorian liked guys who were bigger than him, someone who could really pin him down, rough him up a little. Bull had seen Dorian watching Cullen's men in the training yard with a little more than ambivalence, hell, he even ogled even the *chargers* some days. The guy wasn't subtle, but if he was willing to tumble an Orlesian dandy

before admitting he was into Bull, then hey, Bull wasn't going to stop him. Dorian would figure his shit out when he was ready.

Apparently, that wasn't tonight, because when Bull got back to his room and flopped down on his (too small) bed, he could hear them. He knew the layout of the guest quarters, knew his room was next to Dorian's, and on top of it all, that was definitely Dorian's laugh. Their bed must have been up against the same wall his was, because he could hear them talking, and then he could hear moans, sharp cries, swearing in Tevene.

Not exactly how he thought the evening was going to turn out, listening to Dorian get fucked on the other side of the wall, but hey, he wasn't complaining. There came another keening moan from the next room—also definitely Dorian—and he still wasn't complaining, but he *was* going to get off to this.

*If you only knew,*  
How hard it is to handle,  
How bad I want this scandal.

### 3. Drunk Kiss

#### Summary for the Chapter:

A night of drinking in the tavern, and Bull makes yet another move. This time, Dorian accepts it.

#### Notes for the Chapter:

Lyrics for this chapter are from "Inside of You" by Hoobastank.

*It seems so obvious, there's something up with us.  
I swear I feel it from across the room.*

Dorian had been watching him all night from the other side of the tavern, and Bull knew what the look in his eyes meant. It was a dangerous cocktail of curiosity and untapped lust, and Bull couldn't help but reply with a grin and a gleam in his single remaining eye.

Oh, he'd been flirting, enough that Dorian knew his intentions. Had asked him just last week what it would take to get a hand under his robes, and Dorian spluttered and threw flames at the nearest thing that moved. Bull had let him go on and torch the wildlife, didn't bring up the conversation until he approached Dorian at the bar.

"So. You've been eyeing me all night." Nothing better than telling it like it is.

"I have not," Dorian replied snappishly, downing another mouthful of wine. Bull could tell from the flush in his cheeks and the way his spine lost a bit of the ramrod-straight posture he always had that Dorian was about three glasses of wine beyond tipsy.

"Sure," Bull said, drawing out the word. Dorian's eyes focused on his lips. Tonight was going to be fun. "What's going through your head?" Bull covered Dorian's hand with his own, resting just behind Bull's body, so the whole bar didn't see. Dorian did not move. "Thinking about that kiss?"

“Perhaps.”

Bull had been thinking about it too, remembering the scent of dying fires and the taste of Dorian’s lips on his. The adrenaline, the heat of battle, it always got his heart pounding, even more so with Dorian’s fingers clutching at his biceps, palms still warm with magic.

“Want another?”

“Maker, yes.”

Bull left the tavern with Dorian on his heels, and had his arms full of Dorian before they even got down the hall to Bull’s room. He hauled Dorian up onto his toes, bumping their lips together without grace before finally kissing him hard. He tasted like wine still. Bull was going to get all those noises out of Dorian tonight, the ones he’d only ever heard through the wall. Bull’s head was spinning, but whether it was too much booze or the intoxicating taste of Dorian’s lips on his, he had no clue.

*Just ask, and I will do anything you want me to.  
There is no limit to how far I will go.*

## 4. Keeping Quiet

### Summary for the Chapter:

Dorian tries to keep quiet while Bull fucks him against the door. [NOTE: this was originally a college AU, and it was a chapter earlier, but I edited it because it was frustrating me that it didn't fit with the timeline of this fic.]

### Notes for the Chapter:

Aaaand with the addition of this chapter, this fic is now explicit. You're welcome. Visit me on my NSFW Tumblr @seldula to suggest more stuff for this fic if you feel like it.

Music for this chapter is Teenage Sounds by Neon Trees.

*Oh yeah, you never heard us,  
Don't ever try to turn us down.*

Skyhold's walls echoed, and the doors had enough gaps to hear what was going on inside if one pressed an ear to the wood, and Dorian could hear a group of serving girls talking on the other side, something about how tall the Inquisitor was, whatever. Dorian wished they'd finish their conversation and move on, because he had his back pressed against the wall and Bull's cock inside him.

Wonderful. Just wonderful. Exactly how he thought his evening was going to go. Well, the whole being fucked against his door part was fine, but he was not even a little okay with the idea of a bunch of Skyhold's kitchen staff knowing what his sex noises sounded like.

Bull had frozen when Dorian did, but it was less out of panic and more out of concern for Dorian. "You okay?" he asked. Full-volume, of course, because shame was not a part of the Iron Bull's stunningly impressive vocabulary.



And because his vocabulary wasn't the only exceedingly large thing about him, Dorian moaned a little when he replied, "Fine. Just not much of an exhibitionist."

"Oh, yeah, let me just—"

Bull pulled out of him slowly, and Dorian's toes clenched. He moaned and his head knocked back against the door. "Don't stop," Dorian hissed, voice more breath than words. "Don't you dare stop."

Bull quirked an eyebrow and rolled his hips again. Dorian dug his nails into Bull's shoulders and bit on his lip hard to avoid moaning, or swearing, or making some kind of embarrassing squeal. Bull moved slowly, so he didn't shake the door on its frame (he'd done it before. It had been amazing.) Dorian could still hear conversation coming from outside the door, and Bull fucked him with a smirk on his face, making fingerprints on Dorian's thighs.

"Kiss me." Dorian whispered.

"What's that?"

He got a little louder. "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me."

Bull did, but bypassed Dorian's lips to take his neck, kissing and biting in time with his thrusts. Dorian had quieted to all but little gasps, and Bull sped up, fucked him harder with each sound. When Dorian finally cried out, Bull changed up the angle just a little, just enough to hit him in a better spot. Dorian's answering "fuck!" was just a little louder than someone trying to hide from whatever was in a busy hallway would be.

"Not an exhibitionist, huh?"

"No."

Bull smiled into Dorian's neck. "Not a very good liar, either."

*We're making all the noise,  
We're making teenage sounds.*